This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke.
The seas tost *Pericles*, appeares to speake.

Exit Gower.

Enter Pericles on shipboord.

Per. The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges
Which wash both heauen and hell, and thou hast
Vpon the Windes command, binde them in Brasse
Hauing cald them from the deepe. O still
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble sulpherous flashes: O how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene? then storme venomously,
Wilt thou spear all thy selfe? the Sea mans whistle
Is a whisper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Ludina*, oh!
Diuinest patroness, and my wife, gentle
To those that cry by night, conuey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, may swift the pangs
Of my Queenes trauailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lych. Heere is nothing too young for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Per. How now *Lychorida*?
Lych. Patience good sir do not assist the storme,
Heere's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A little Daughter, for the sake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away?
We heere below, recall not what we giue,
And therein may vse honour with you.
Lych. Patience good sir, euen for this charge.
Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a more blusterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy condition;
For thou art the rudelieſt welcome to this world,

That euer was Princes childe: happy what follows,
Thou hast as chiding a Natiuity,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harold thee from the womde:
Euen at the first, thy losse is more then can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canst finde heere:
Now the good Gods throw their best eyes vpon it.

Enter two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* what courage sir? God saue you.
Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the loue
Of this poore infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and split thy selfe.
2 *Sayl.* But sea-roome, and the brine and clowdy billow
kisse the Moone: I care not.
1 *Sayl.* Sir, your Queene must ouer board,
The sea workes hie, the winde is lowd,
And will not lye till the ship be cleared of the dead.
Per. That's your superstition.
1. Pardon vs sir; this is a lye with vs at Sea it hath bin still observed And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.
Per. As you thinke meete, for she must ore board straight,
Most wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere she lies sir.
Per. A tirrible child-bed hast thou had (my deare)
No light, to fire, the vnfriendly Elements
Forgot thee vtterly nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight
Must cast thee scarsely coffind in oare,
Where for a Monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remaining lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming water must ore-whelme thy corps
Lying with simple shels: O *Lychorida*,
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Incke and Paper,
My Casket and my Iewels, and bin *Nicander*